

A Girl's Not Grossed Out By You by JoMo3

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Eleven experiences jealousy for the first time.

A Girl's Not Grossed Out By You

No! Screw you, Mike. You're blind... blind because you like that a girl's not grossed out by you. But wake up, man! Wake the hell up!

It was two weeks after attending the Spring Fling with El, and Mike Wheeler couldn't be happier. It was a sunny Wednesday afternoon, he was in his favorite class-science-with his three best friends, taught by his favorite teacher, and he had the best girlfriend *ever* waiting for him when he got out of school. Things couldn't be better.

So of course something had to go wrong.

Mr. Clarke was talking to the class about a project they had coming up. It required research and an oral presentation. The class would be partnered up.

Mike looked down the row at his friends as they all smiled at each other, hoping they'd be paired up.

"Dustin, how about you work with Will," Mr. Clarke said, causing the two boys to grin at each other.

Lucas and Mike glanced at each other, hoping they'd be paired up, too.

"Paul, how about you and Denise; Thomas, you and Scott...Amy, you and Melissa...Lucas, you and Troy..." Lucas threw his hands up in frustration.

"Mike, you and Molly..."

Mike stifled a groan of complaint. He turned around to find his partner.

Molly Jones had started attending Hawkins Middle School a few months ago. The quiet girl didn't have many friends, but was quite pretty in the boys' eyes.

Her eyes meeting Mike's, she gave him a small smile.

"I can't believe this!" Lucas said after class.

"Calm down, Lucas," Will said.

"Calm down? I've got to do this project with *Troy*. Out of all the people in the class, I got paired up with him." He shook his head. "It's not fair."

"It's gonna be alright," Mike said as they arrived at their lockers.

Lucas snorted. "You're just saying that 'cause you got matched up with Molly Jones."

"Yeah, way to go on that one, Mike," Dustin said.

"What're you guys talking about?" Mike asked as he opened his locker.

"Um, that Molly is, like, one of the cutest girls in school," Dustin said.

"And she hasn't made friends with girls like Felicia Woods, so she's not all bitchy," Lucas added.

"Guys..." Mike began, but stopped when he saw Molly walking their way.

Giving him another small smile, she walked over.

"Hi," she said quietly.

"Hi," Lucas and Dustin said at almost the same time. Will shook his head; Mike fought the urge to roll his eyes.

"Uh, Mike?" she asked.

"Yeah?"

"I had some ideas for our project," she said.

“Oh. Okay.”

Will nodded towards Dustin and Lucas, trying to tell them to let the two talk. Lucas got the message, but Dustin didn't; Lucas punched Dustin's arm, and the three boys walked off, giving them some space.

Back at Hopper's trailer, the chief was getting ready for work. He'd come home to spend his lunch break with El, but was now about to head back in.

Going to her doorway, he couldn't help but smile as she straightened her hair and looked herself over in the mirror. Since she and Wheeler had become official a few weeks ago, El spent more time looking at her reflection, making sure she looked “pretty” enough for Mike. Jim knew she was caught up in the usual teenage stuff, but he thought she always looked pretty, and he knew Mike Wheeler did, too.

He cleared his throat, and she looked back at him in the mirror. “Yes?”

“I'm heading back in. You going over to see the boys?”

She nodded her head, as she smoothed out her hair.

“Okay,” Hopper said. “I'll come and get you at nine, then. Okay?”

“Ok,” she responded.

As he walked away, he called over his shoulder, “Don't spend too much time in there, Ellie. Wheeler knows as well as I do that you'll always be pretty.”

El smiled and blushed as she heard the front door close.

Minutes later, she was riding her bike towards Hawkins Middle School. She wanted to surprise the boys (i.e. Mike) by riding home with them. She usually met them at Will's or Mike's, or they came over to see her (Hopper wasn't a big fan of that), but she wanted to

go to them for a change.

As she got closer to the school, she couldn't keep the smile off her face. She loved hearing the boys talk about school, especially Mike. She liked watching his eyes light up as he told her about all of the new things he'd learned that day, or a really fun thing they did in science. She didn't always understand what he told her, but she enjoyed seeing him get excited.

She was still getting tutoring during the week, and with the progress she'd made, she was hoping she'd be able to be in school with the boys really soon.

She arrived at the school just as it was letting out. She found the bike rack, and smiled when she saw her friends' bikes. She then had an idea; she pulled her bike back a little into the trees, so she wasn't visible. She wanted to surprise them.

A few minutes later she saw Will, Dustin, and Lucas walking towards their bikes, but they stopped halfway. *Probably waiting for Mike*, she thought.

Minutes went by, and she started to wonder *Where's Mike?*

Another minute, and she saw him coming out of the school building, talking to someone. Not just someone...a girl. A *pretty* girl.

El felt a tightness in her chest. Why was Mike talking to this girl?

The girl and Mike stopped for a second, talking animatedly to one another, then they both laughed. Then the girl said something and started to walk away, giving Mike a wave as she walked off.

Mike then saw his friends, and started walking over to them. She heard the other boys whoop and whistle as he got closer, which confused her; that was the sound they usually made to tease Mike about the way he acted with El; why were they doing it with Mike and this girl?

Shaking off the weird feeling she was getting, she tried to smile as she thought of a way to surprise them. There was nobody else around, so she concentrated really hard and, as they got to their

bikes, made them float a little off the ground.

“Whoa!” Dustin said, backing up. “Mental.”

“It’s almost like...wait, you don’t think...” Lucas stuttered.

At that point, El came out of the trees as the bikes landed back on the ground. Wiping at her nose, she grinned, and said, “Hi.”

“El!” Mike said, his face lighting up. He went over and gave her a hug. “What’re you doing here?”

“I wanted to surprise you,” she said. “And ride home with you.”

“Cool,” he said, getting on his bike.

She was curious about the other girl, but decided not to ask about her right now.

The group rode their bikes home; Lucas, Dustin, and Will in the front, with Mike and El bringing up the rear.

“What’d you do today?” Mike asked her.

“I worked on ge-geogapee.”

Mike smiled. “Geography?”

“Yes,” she answered, nodding her head. “Um, what did you do today?”

Mike shrugged his shoulders. “Well....”

He told her about the book they were assigned in reading, the test he had coming up in math, and a project they were given in science.

Smiling, Mike said, “Will and Dustin got to be partners. Lucas has to be partners with Troy.”

“Mouth breather?” she asked.

Nodding, Mike said “Yeah, the mouth breather. It's not fair.”

“Oh.” She was silent for a beat, then asked “What about you? Who is your partner?”

Mike looked like he was about to answer, when Dustin shouted out “Last one to Mike’s pays for comic books!”

With a grin on his face, Mike said, “C’mon! Let’s catch up.”

With a small smile, El worked on catching up to the boys.

A few hours later, the group had finished their homework in the Wheelers’ basement. Jonathan had come by to pick up Will, and Dustin and Lucas were getting ready to go as well, when Mike remembered he’d promised to let Dustin borrow a book of his.

“We’ll be right back,” Mike told El and Lucas as he and Dustin went upstairs.

Lucas was gathering his things when El asked “Lucas?”

“Yeah, El?” he answered absentmindedly, as he put his things into his backpack.

“Who was the girl Mike was talking to?”

“Who?”

“After...school. Mike was talking to another girl.”

“Oh, *her*,” Lucas answered, understanding. “That’s Molly. She’s Mike’s science partner.”

“Does Mike...” she stopped, unsure of herself.

Lucas looked confused. “Does Mike what?”

She opened her mouth to say something, then stopped herself. “Nothing.”

They both turned as the basement door opened back up, and Mike and Dustin came bouncing downstairs.

“You ready to go, Lucas?” Dustin asked, grabbing his backpack.

“Yeah, in a minute,” Lucas said, turning back to Eleven. “What’d you want to know, El?” he asked her.

She shook her head. “Nothing.”

Lucas shrugged his shoulders. “Okay.” Grabbing his backpack, he told Mike and El goodbye. He and Dustin left out of the basement door.

As the door closed, Mike looked over at El. “Are you okay?”

She nodded. “I’m fine.”

She sat on the couch, and he sat next to her. Without really thinking about it, their hands found each other’s.

“Mike...” she said.

“Yes?”

“Who is...Molly?”

Mike looked confused. “How’d you know about Molly?”

“Um...I asked Lucas about lab partners.”

“Oh. She’s this girl in my science class. We have to work together to do this project.”

“Is she nice?”

“Well, yeah, I guess so. Why?”

“No reason.”

Mike shrugged his shoulders. “Do you want to play a game? Speed, maybe? I think I have some cards down here...”

The two teens played cards until Karen Wheeler had dinner ready.

After dinner Mike quizzed El on a couple of things until it was time for Hopper to pick her up.

Walking her to the door, he asked "So, I'll see you tomorrow?"

She nodded her head.

"Is everything alright, El? You're quieter today. Did I do something wrong?"

"No," she said, giving him a smile. "Just tired."

The two stopped at the door.

"Oh. Okay. Well, goodnight, then."

"Goodnight, Mike."

Mike leaned in and gave her a soft kiss, then she went to go and meet Hopper.

The next day at school, the boys learned more about their project and how they would be graded. Mr. Clarke then gave them some time to get with their partners to discuss how to handle the work.

"We could make a poster," Mike told Molly as they sat in the back of the classroom. "Like you mentioned yesterday."

Molly nodded her head. "I can go buy one after school. Do you want to work on it this weekend?"

Mike thought about that. He had a campaign ready for Saturday, and was hoping to take El on a date on Sunday.

"Um...how about tomorrow?" he asked, meaning Friday.

Molly shrugged her shoulders. "Okay. Is it okay if I come over to your house?"

"Sure," Mike said, nodding.

After school on the ride home, the boys continued to talk about the science project.

“Troy is such an idiot,” Lucas said, shaking his head. “He’s trying to get me to do all of the work.”

“Ask Mr. Clarke for another partner,” Mike suggested.

“I *did* , but he said he wasn’t going to switch anyone around. This sucks.”

“Yeah, well, at least your partner didn’t sneeze all over your assignment paper,” Dustin said.

“It was an accident,” Will said.

“If I get sick, I’m coming for you, Byers,” Dustin said. Looking at Mike, he asked “So how’re things with Molly?”

“Okay, I guess,” Mike said. “She’s going to come over tomorrow after school to work on the project.”

“Really? Molly’s coming to your house? How did you get so lucky?” Dustin asked.

“What’re you *talking* about?” Mike said.

“You’ve got two girls, man,” Lucas said.

“How do I have.... *ew* ,” Mike said, making a face and realizing what they were insinuating. “Molly’s just...a friend, I guess. El’s my girlfriend.”

Lucas began to bring up the weird conversation he had had with Eleven the previous day, but was cut off by Dustin asking about the campaign Mike had planned. Shaking his head, Lucas decided it could wait.

After finishing his homework that night, Mike went up to his room and turned on his Supercom. Pressing a button, he asked "El?"

There was nothing but static for a few seconds, followed by El's quiet voice answering, "Mike?"

Mike smiled. "Hey. How are you?"

"I'm good."

Feeling a blush coming on, he told her "I missed you today."

"I missed you too."

"I'm sorry I couldn't come over. I had a lot of homework, and I had some chores to take care of."

"That's okay. Hop needed me to do some things. And my tutor gave me homework, too."

"Yeah? What was it?"

"Reading questions....area and perimeter...and writing."

"Well, hey, if you need help with any of it, let me know, okay? Maybe I can help you tomorrow."

"Okay."

Smiling, he said, "Hey, El?"

"Yes?"

"Uh...do you want to do something on Sunday? Just you and me?"

"A date?"

"Yeah, I guess. A date."

Smiling on her end, she answered, "Yes."

"Cool. Uh, well, I'll talk to you later, alright?"

“Okay. Bye, Mike.”

“Bye, El.”

The next day after school, Eleven biked over to Mike’s house to get some help with her homework. Hopper had offered to help, but she’d politely declined, looking forward to spending time with her boyfriend.

Arriving at the Wheelers’ a little after 5, she was surprised to see another pink bike parked on the grass. Tentatively, she knocked on the door.

Nancy greeted her. “Oh, hey, El! What’s up?”

“Um...is Mike here?”

“Yeah, he’s here. He’s in the basement. He has a friend with him downstairs.”

“Lucas?”

“No, someone from school. Go on down, I’m sure he’ll be happy to see you.”

Eleven gave her a smile, and then walked past her and down into the basement.

At the top of the stairs, she could hear Mike and another voice talking about something. She stopped; it was a voice she hadn’t heard before, a girl’s voice.

Continuing down the stairs, the fourth stair creaked as it usually did, causing Mike and his friend to look up. Seeing El, his eyes widened.

“El! What’re you doing here?”

“Um,” she said, glancing at the other girl. Seeing her up close, she saw it was the same girl from the other day at school. Molly, she thought. “You said you would help me with my homework,” she said,

nodding towards the backpack she was carrying.

Mike put a hand to his head. "Oh! I totally forgot, El. Um..." he said, looking at the poster he and Molly had been working on.

"I can go," El suggested.

"No, El," Mike said, stepping towards her. "I just need a little bit of time."

"No," she said, shaking her head and offering a weak smile. "I'll see you tomorrow."

"You can stay, we're almost done," Molly said, coming forward. She gave El a small wave. "Hi, I'm Molly."

"I'm El," Eleven told her.

Molly smiled and nodded, then went back to the table where she'd been working with Mike.

Mike came next to El. "I'm sorry I forgot, El," he said softly, "But I don't know how long we're going to be. You sure you want to wait?"

Eleven nodded her head.

"Okay. Um, there's some comic books by the couch, and I have some books in my backpack if you want to read those."

El nodded, and went to sit on the couch.

Over the next half hour, Eleven alternated between trying to read a book and trying to ignore the tightness she'd get in her chest seeing Mike and Molly work together excitedly.

"Hey, El?" Mike called when he and Molly were almost finished.

Pretending she hadn't been watching them, she looked up from her book. "Yes?"

"How's it look?" He held up the tri-fold poster he and Molly had been

finishing.

El looked it over. "Nice."

Mike beamed. "It's definitely going to get us an A. It was Molly's idea."

Molly blushed. "No it wasn't," she said, playfully hitting his arm. "You had the idea to put in the photographs. That makes it look better, better than my boring idea."

The two started laughing, making El burn a little inside. It wasn't *that* funny, she thought.

"Well, I think we did a good job," Mike said. "I'm glad you came over."

Molly picked up her backpack. "Yep."

"Mike?" El asked, holding up her backpack.

"Just a minute, El," he said, turning back to Molly. "Hey, when we do the report, how do you want to..."

"Mike." El repeated.

Mike turned back to her. "Hold on, El." Then, to Molly, "So do you want to..."

Eleven stood up, and walked towards the door leading outside. Opening it, she closed it with a little more force than needed, and stalked away.

Lucas was riding back from Dustin's when he saw Eleven riding away from Mike's, looking upset. He parked his bike in front of her, cutting her off. "El?"

"Hi, Lucas," she said, angrily. "I need to go."

“Is something wrong?” he asked.

“No. I need to go home.”

Lucas raised an eyebrow. “Okay...I know you well enough to know that something’s wrong. Come on,” he said, nodding towards his house.

Once inside, the two sat in the Sinclairs’ family room. Lucas asked “What did Mike do?”

She folded her arms. “He doesn’t like me anymore.”

“What?” Lucas asked, dumbfounded.

“He likes...Molly.”

Lucas laughed, causing El to get confused.

Lucas shook his head. “El, Mike doesn’t like Molly. They’re just partners, they have to work together.”

“I don’t...like them working together. She likes him.”

“El...Mike is crazy about you. I don’t think Molly likes him, but he’s so blinded by you that he wouldn’t notice, anyway.”

“Blinded?”

Lucas sighed. “Mike really, really, likes you, El. He doesn’t like Molly.”

She fidgeted with her fingers. “I really like Mike.”

“I promise you, nothing is going to happen with him and Molly. He wouldn’t let it; he cares about you too much.”

El sighed. She felt like an idiot.

“You’re just jealous, El, and you don’t need to be.”

She looked up. “Jealous?”

“Yeah, it’s a feeling you get when you...when you’re upset or angry because you think someone you like likes someone else.”

Eleven nodded, now knowing how to describe the feeling she had when she saw the two together.

Standing up, she said “Thank you, Lucas.”

He stood up, too. “Where are you going?”

“I have to...go talk to Mike.”

Mike was sitting on the floor, his back against the couch as Eleven came downstairs. Shyly, she said “Hi, Mike.”

“Hi,” he said, with a hint of upset in his voice.

Sitting on her knees in front of him, she said “I’m sorry I...acted like a mouth breather.”

“Why did you run out, El?”

“It...” she looked down in embarrassment. “I was...jealous. Of...Molly.”

Mike looked confused. “Why?”

“Because she is...pretty, and she likes you, and you’re nice to her. I thought...I thought you would like her...better than me.” She felt color come to her cheeks.

“El,” Mike said, leaning forward, “Molly doesn’t like me. Not...not like you and me like each other, anyway. And even if she did, it wouldn’t matter.”

Eleven met his gaze. “It wouldn’t?”

Mike shook his head. “No. Because you’re my girlfriend, El. And I’ll never like anybody as much as I like you,” he said, blushing deeply.

“Really?”

“Yeah, really. You’re my favorite person.”

“You’re my favorite, too, Mike,” she said, smiling back at him.

She moved forward, and the two hugged each other. After a minute, El pulled away a little, and said “Thank you, Mike.”

“You don’t ever have to be jealous, El,” he told her.

“Promise?”

He nodded his head. “Promise.”

She smiled. Putting her hands on his shoulders, she pulled herself towards him, kissing him deeply. Mike, surprised, put his hands on her back; it was the most intense kiss they’d had.

As she pulled away, Mike said, “Wow.”

Blushing, El giggled. She lay her head on his chest and sighed. “I need to..apologize to Molly.”

“You don’t have to, I’ll talk to her,” Mike said.

“No, I want to,” she said.

Mike nodded. “Okay.”

Karen’s footsteps coming down the stairs surprised them, and the look on her face when she saw the two cuddling made them both turn red.

“Dinner,” she said, a little more sternly than usual.

“Okay,” Mike replied, as El leaned off of him.

“El, why don’t you go upstairs and help Nancy set the table. I’m guessing you’re staying for dinner?” Karen asked.

El nodded, and went upstairs. Mike stood, trying to avoid his mother’s gaze.

“Michael...”

"I know, I know, mom," he said, stopping her. "It won't happen again."

"I don't want you two in the basement by yourselves anymore."

"What? Why not?"

"Really, Michael?"

"It won't happen again, mom, I swear! Please!"

She narrowed her eyes, and sighed. "I'll think about it. Now get upstairs and wash your hands."

"Yes, mom," he said, dropping his head and going up.

After a very tense dinner, Mike walked El to her bike. Glancing at his house, he could see his mother watching them through the window.

"I'm sorry I got you in trouble," El said.

He shook his head. "It'll pass. We just have to be careful, I guess." He shrugged his shoulders, then asked "So, are you going to come over tomorrow for the game?"

El nodded her head. "Did you mean what you said before?" she asked shyly.

"Did I mean what?"

"That...you'll never like anyone as much as me?"

Turning red, Mike nodded.

El took a step towards him, and gave him a quick kiss. Pulling away, she said "Thank you, Mike."

He smiled at her, and picked her bike up for her. "See you tomorrow?" he asked.

Nodding, she gave him a smile before she turned her bike and headed

home.

Mike watched her go, and thought to himself, *How did I get so lucky?*

With a smile, he turned and went into his house.

Author's Note:

Hope you liked it! As usual, comments and kudos are appreciated.